

THE
Literary Companion.

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who give ardour to virtue and confidence to truth."

NO. 3.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1821.

VOL. I.

THE ENTHUSIAST:

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

CHAPTER III.

THE morning was heavy and lowering. Thick, dark clouds were continually hurrying to and fro over the face of the sky. Whensoever a strong wind drove them on, the sun, shining forth in his beauty, cast a rich tint—as if the last touch of a master were there, upon the scenery around us. But other clouds soon came up from the west, and, like the lash closed upon the eye, veiled its brightness.

The road we took, was through a close, deep wood; and, though it lay not far from the river, still we could only catch occasional glimpses of it, as it flowed roughly on, when we were upon the higher ground, and then, only by the casual opening of the scene. I was, however, too busy with my own thoughts, to take any particular notice of the country through which we passed. My thoughts were with my father in the crowded city. There was a fearful anxiousness in my mind, as to the thing which had happened to him. Conjecture followed conjecture, as one wave follows another. But I could find no outlet by which to escape from my conjectures. I inquired of Robert, the man who had brought the letter, but he could tell me nothing more than that my father was at the house of Mr. Harrington, whom I knew to be his banker. I was confident, however, it must be something of moment; for no common concern would have brought him from his retirement, to mix once more in the throng that was busy around him.

While thus engaged, I heard the trampling of horses. I looked up and saw a gentleman and lady—both on horseback—coming towards us. I bowed from courtesy, as they passed on: but Robert took

off his hat with so much respect, that I thought he must know them.

"Do you know those who just passed, Robert?" said I.

"Know them, sir, I should be bad enough, if I did not."

"What is the name of the gentleman?" I continued, feeling my curiosity a good deal excited.

"It is Mr. Vernon, sir, a very rich, and a very good man to the poor. He has a place in the country, and he has built upon it some small houses, each with a piece of land, and they are all occupied by poor, industrious people. That kind looking young lady, whom you saw, is his daughter, Miss Mary. She is the blessing of both places, in town and in country. He has a son—rather bookish and grave—though we all like him—who is almost always out of town, at his father's house."

I turned quite round upon my horse. As the road was long and straight, the party were not yet out of sight. I thought, even from the slight glance I had, that there was a peculiar something in her face. I followed her so long as the road would permit. It seemed as if her sleek, bay poney was conscious of the rich burthen he bore—so proudly, and yet so gently did he carry himself. An abrupt turning hid the party.

The sight of the lady had put Robert upon a favourite theme; and he did not seem likely to tire of it. He would almost have you believe that she was an angel standing at the porch of the poor man, not to receive, but to breathe a soul into such as sat in the house of affliction. Robert had been in love; both the girl and him—

self were too poor to marry. The lady settled a yearly income upon them, and placed them in a comfortable house in the city. Thus ran the story of Robert.

We had been forced to ride at so easy a rate, that it was late in the afternoon before we reached the city of New-York. The sun, which during the morning, had only shone at intervals through the rolling clouds, was now wholly darkened, and we passed down the farm, as the Bowery road was originally named, and which at this time was the principal street, in some haste, in order, if possible, to avoid the storm which seemed ready to break.

The house of Mr. Harrington was in the east part of the town; and we reached it about sun-set. While Robert took care of the horses, I knocked at the door. A servant came, and as soon as I had mentioned my name, he showed me into a room. My father and a female were sitting there together. I immediately went to my father, with all the warmth of my heart rushing up to embrace him, but in his usual composed way, he shook me by the hand, and turning round,

"Reuben Colburn," said he, "this is your sister Catharine."

"My sister!" Like the swift winged dart did the sound pass through my frame. I stood trembling, and holding tight to the hand of my father. I could not move—I could not speak. O! how I longed to take that girl to my bosom! And yet, like the man in his sleep, when the night-mare is upon him, I could not stir to throw off the weight that was upon me. At length I breathed louder and freer, and going to her with a quick step and a beating heart, would have pressed her to my breast, but with a chilling coldness she took my hand, and—shook it.

I believe at the time my mind was bewildered. A sister! an own sister! one who had laid in the same arms with myself—hung upon the same breast, and been nourished into form and strength by the nurture of the same kind mother. O, it was too much! I felt like a man who had passed from a desolate island, where many

years had been spent without a companion, into the midst of the turmoil and business of the peopled world.

My new sister retired early that evening. Before she left us she crossed over to my father—I thought I had never seen so fine a figure—and kissing him—I have never since seen a richer glow on any countenance—bid her kind benefactor (I could not but think it singular she should use the word benefactor) good night. She shook my hand, and as I thought, pressed it. I am certain the pressure was warmer: As she left the room, my father said that I must not judge of the tenderness of my sister's heart by her outward actions, as the sorrow she had experienced, even early in life as she was, had created a coldness of manner towards strangers, which was very apt, at first, to prejudice them against her. But time will remove the veil which hides the noblest and the most sensitive of hearts. My father saw my curiosity was greatly raised, and drawing his chair closer to mine, he told me he would let me into the knowledge of those things which struck me as strange and mysterious.

My father had the tale of our family in manuscript. He had written it, he said, for my perusal after his death, if circumstances did not previously call for it. It was a brief, though perhaps rather an eventful tale. The family of the Colburns was ancient, and had once been affluent: But, through the extravagance of one ancestor, and the carelessness of another, the manor-lands had been so greatly wasted, that the patrimony left my grandfather, was barely enough to support, moderately, a married man with two children.

One of these sons was my father, Richard Colburn, and the other, his brother, Charles. Charles, from his youth up, had always a weak and delicate constitution. His disposition was very mild and even, and his mind, on account of the weakness of his body, was more carefully cultivated. It was his father's intention to devote him to some retired profession. His inclination led him to follow the profession of a lawyer. He did study, and in due time was admitted. As for myself, I was a me-

chanic; and, having some ingenuity, aided by considerable industry, I succeeded as well as I could expect in my business. But Charles was not so fortunate. His ill health forbade intense application to law reading, and his feebleness of voice and body incapacitated him from entering upon the more busy and active scenes of his profession.

About this time, Charles occasionally met, at the house of a young Jewish friend, a Jewess. She was the only child of the richest Jew in London. There was a something very fascinating in the manners and conversation of this lady: My brother had always an inclination, natural to him, for domestic life; and I have seen Rebecca, as the Jewess was called, when my brother touched upon this topic, catch the fire that was burning within his bosom, and enter with such truth and feeling into his sentiments, and go along with him, with so much energy and warmth, that it was no wonder she won a heart—affectionate and confiding in itself—to rest the whole of that affection upon her love.

Rebecca was the most beautiful of all the Jewesses. Those dark, glossy ringlets, peculiar to the race, hung over an arched and almost polished forehead, and her bright black eye, thus shaded, shone like a gem in a diadem. Her figure was slender and finely made. The garment she wore always looked best upon her; and it had that neat modest appearance, which aided to display the blush upon her cheek: and then, the dark ringlets, the modest garment, the blush upon the cheek, were all ornamented by those pearls of great price, good sense, agreeable conversational powers, and a disposition mild as the gentlest breath which blows in summer.

Charles and Rebecca both felt a secret kindness for one another; arising in a great measure from a sympathy of taste and disposition. I, however, did not know of the fact, until the pledge had passed, and the passion had attained so great power that it could not be subdued. I saw at once the bar that was before them, and the great danger of passing it. Her father was a Jew, a proud bigotted Jew. He had

been heard to say, that if his daughter dare marry a protestant, he would take his name from her; and though she was his only child, he would close the door of his house against her, and throw her upon the world with such a pittance as she could get from it. But who can stay the whirlwind when it cometh hurrying over the mountain? They dared to marry.

On that night I was the groomsman. I forgave my brother, when I saw that delicate, beautiful fair one, having on her white vestment, without ornament, standing outside of the rail that was about the altar, her eye cast down, her cheek faintly flushed, hanging, with trembling confidence—as the just fledged bird nestles in the bosom of its mother—upon my brother's arm, as if conscious that she was very fragile.

Rebecca went alone to her father, and spoke to him, face to face, in his apartment. She told him the tale of her love, its beginning, its gradual advancement over her mind—the pledge that was passed in the heat of passion, and which could not be recalled—her knowledge of his prejudices—her hope that he would forget an action which was necessary to her happiness, when it could not be altered. The father of Rebecca had a heart as hard as iron; but, though he had been a rough man to all the world, yet, he had always loved his daughter. Rebecca knew this was her strong hold, and when she had ended, she threw herself into his arms, sunk at his feet, and took hold of the hem of his garment. She lay for some moments. He looked down upon her in bitter scorn; and then, as if it were a reptile couched at his feet, he threw his suppliant daughter away from him. Stunned with his violence, she fell. She upbraided not—she hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly. But her meek heart was soon strengthened: she rose, strong in the consciousness of love. She rose in triumph rather than in abasement; and forcibly taking the hand of her father, she kissed it; and looking him, with her full, bright, black eyes, steadily in the face, "Father," she said, "farewell! Though thou art now

very harsh towards thy poor frail child, she cannot forget thy kindness to her once. I will pray to him who is Father to Gentile as well as to Jew, that he may not visit thy latter days with trouble, for this, thy anger towards thine only child. Yes, father! I will pray to him for thee. Oh, I had hoped," she continued, her love for her parent speaking eloquently within—"I had hoped, that these frail, weak hands would have smoothed for thee thy declining years! That I might have been thy stay when strength failed thee—that I might have sang to thee the song which thou lovedst to hear when I was a child! And, O, my father!" She was silent: She knew, she saw, she had touched a chord of the tenderest tone.

The sternness of her father's features relaxed—he almost pressed the hand that still held fast of his. A tear was in his eye—it hung upon his cheek. She still looked upon him—she knew that his soul was melting within him. "Yes, yes! she continued, it did indeed rejoice thy daughter's heart that she should pay part of her debt to the father who had hung over her infancy, when old age should visit him—and, O kindest of parents, why may it not be so? Why not take to thee again thine only child, and the husband of thy child?"

"Husband! husband! and that husband a protestant! Have I not sworn it, and shall I not keep my oath?" The word protestant, seemed to have turned every feeling of tenderness into the gall of bitterness.

He drew his hand violently from his daughter, and almost threw her to the floor with the force of it. "A protestant! ha! ha! marry a protestant! well! go to him—go-go. But"—he uttered in a low, bitter, scornful tone—"but thy father's curse attend thee and him, withersoever thou abidest. But look you here"—he continued, coming fiercely up to her, and grasping hold of both her hands—"If—you—will"—his tone grew milder every word he spoke—"If you will leave thy husband, I will"—But he had time to say no more. "Leave my husband! My plighted husband! Oh, no! never! never! I have pledged to him my love: a woman's love! I have pledged my faith to abide by him for ever and ever! through this world and through the next. Oh, my father!" she said, speaking to him in a mild, though firm tone—"Not all thy wealth could tempt me! nay, not even thy affection."

The strife between love and hatred was at rest in the breast of her father. He gradually loosened his grasp: her hand fell from his: he looked upon her once more, then left the room, and she never saw him afterwards.

She drew her black veil close upon her face, as she shut the outer door of her father's house for the last time.

A carriage stood at the corner of the street—the door flew open: her husband leaped out, and she threw herself, in an agony of emotion, into his arms.

(To be continued.)

[The following verses by ROBERT BURNS, were sent to us as original.]

THE KISS.

Humid seal of soft affection,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connexion,
Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss!

Speaking silence—dumb confession—
Passion's birth, and infant's play,
Dove-like fondness—mild concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day;

Sorrowing joy—Adieu's last action,
When lingering lips no more may join,
What words can ever speak affection,
So thrilling and sincere as thine.

BURNS.

To the Editor of the Literary Companion.

BIOGRAPHY OF POT-PIE PALMER.

I have always been persuaded that nothing is more calculated "to give ardour to virtue and confidence to truth," than biographical sketches of departed greatness, and the exhibition of the examples of distinguished living personages to the minds of youth. Under this impression I take the liberty of introducing to the attention of your readers the character of *one* who has long merited their, and the particular notice of the civil authority of Gotham, not indeed that he has been entirely without some *feeling* marks of their regard. His sufferings too have given him no common claim upon our *sensibilities*. While his many titles, his long and tried services clearly point him out as a fit subject of historical fame. But as titles are of little repute among our plain plebeian citizens. And for as much as your readers may be inclined from hereditary dislike or some other equally valid and bona fide consideration, to look *askance* upon a *noble lord* I shall mention them only as incidental to his *merits*; simply as badges of distinction on their account. The Romans you know were accustomed to name their illustrious citizens, from some distinguished exploits, thus Scipio, was surnamed Africanus, because he conquered Carthage. And so *Pot-pie* Palmer, was thus called because of his merits in a certain pot-pie achievement. It will not be disputed however that although there is no honor, yet there is no *disgrace*, in being descended from an honorable family. But that the subject of this memoir is thus descended, is somewhat involved in obscurity. And therefore we are to inquire for the origin of his titles in the history of his life. We know him only by his "*dearest* action in the *widow's field*"—most disastrous chances, moving accidents, hair breadth-scapes, and 'portance in his travels' history," as distinguished like Alexander no less by his *gallantry* in the hour of successful enterprize, than like Xenophon for his mental heroism and skilful *retreat* in the season of calamity. Even to this day, in his old age he is renowned for the nature "passing strange"

of his exploits. As was said too of the immortal Nelson, the very children cry out his name after him in the streets. and always with rapturous enthusiasm. Moreover such are his engaging visage, the suavity of his manners, the becoming blush that glows on his cheeks, the fire of his intelligent eye, his winning conversation, his wonderful condescension, unaffected ease and simplicity, not at all diffident to stoop from the high elevation of his proud chariot, to smile with the vulgar; so great his benevolence to the poor, his soul so manly, so noble that he has become a peculiar favorite with all the females of every color, with whom he officially associates. No sooner is his well known voice, his herald clangor heard in the streets, than out fly all the simpering damsels, even from the kitchen, to load him with their cheerful tribute. Indeed such is their eagerness to offer, and the great mass of their offerings, roses, pea-pods, cabbage-stocks, potato-skins, and all other sweet-scented herbs, that he is frequently forced to apologize that he has not the hands of a Briareus; and fondly to assure them that he will soon again return to their outstretched arms. Nor are these triumphal processions merely temporary. They are perennial as enthusiastic. His annual circuit for now 30 years has been watched with the same anxiety by the fair and prudent, as the summer season by our militia lieutenants. It is true his visit to the lower departments of our city, is later than usual this season, but since his delay has been owing to a "*tower*" to use his own elegant and emphatical language "among the blackguards up town," doubtless; like another Epaminondas in quelling the dust and attending personally to their cleanliness, he is received with a glee proportionate only to our previous anxiety for his safety. Indeed his are no common honors, his are no empty titles, no vain show to allure the gaze of the idle, and captivate the hearts of the fair. They are the fruits of many a long and tiresome march, many a fatiguing siege in the very vegetable as well as animal world, each title in short,

is the memorial of some notorious deed, gained like those of Marius by personal toil and private merit, and like Marius too, when needs be, he can be great even amidst the desolations of Gotham. He bears them well. Add to all this his magnanimity, those great and commanding talents, by which, when as illustrious men must always expect, he is surrounded by enemies (for birds always peck at the fairest fruit first,) he can smile at the sneers of the malicious, and defy the threats of the daring. Thus supported

within, cheered by the fair, rewarded by the good, he need not fear to be neglected while living, nor forgotten when dead.

Oh saw ye the warrior with his proud steed! saw ye his waving plume, how magnificently he rode by in his chariot. Know ye whence his glory? From Public Service. Then blow loud the trump of fame, and greet the hero home! See he comes! he comes! wreath the chaplet, wake the drum! oh greet the warrior home. Hark! he speaks,

And with such eloquence does he amuse the gaping throng,
Who catch the accent ere he comes along;
Who view his feats with wonder and surprise,
Laugh at his wit, and call him truly wise.
With ears atip, and mouths still gaping wide,
They swallow *all*, and still unsatisfy'd,
They dread the last, and fear the sight is o'er;
And bellowing still, they cry encore! encore!

Such gentle reader is Pot-Pie Palmer,
hero of the Offals, Knight of the Swill
Tub, Knight of the Grand Legion of
Scavengers, Field Marshal of the army

of Vagrants, Legatee of Neapolitan Cour-
age, Knight of the most Royal Order of
Garters, J.A.C.K.A.S.S. &c. &c.

PLUTARCH.

THE LUSTRUM.

NO. III.

—————Ridentam dicere Verum
Quid Velat? —————

HOR. SAT. LIB. I. I.

A short preface to the Editor.—Mr. Oldboy has to complain of several inaccuracies in his last number. The latin motto is rendered unintelligible, besides other errors arising from hurry (he would reluctantly say inattention) in correcting the proof sheet.

From my room, New-York, June 26, 1821.

Since my arrival in this place, my attention has been so taken up by the observation of things in general, that I have had but little time to devote to the notice of any one thing in particular. —As the dispositions of the mind are well known to have an immediate connection with the state of the body, I cannot however but observe with pleasure, the powerful coadjutor I shall have in my moral purification, in my friend Mr. *Rabineau* the keeper of the Salt Water Baths, who has so far obliged me as to enter into the most

favourable arrangements which I could have wished, consistent with a proper regard to his own interest. It will be my first object, therefore, to recommend my patients to his care for aqueous lustration, as being the best previous remedy which I can apply, and calculated to fit and dispose them for such other medicines, as I may hereafter have occasion to employ.

It being impracticable for me in the present state of things, like my ancient predecessors to make so considerable and simultaneous a muster of my s.t.

jects as I could wish, I have contented myself with making partial assemblies of them from time to time, and have, for this purpose, provided myself with a room or hall of convenient dimensions, where I propose to perform my occasional ceremonies. In the middle of this room, I have caused a seat or tribunal to be erected at a proper distance from the floor, from which I may have a better view of the surrounding multitude, and be enabled to give such directions as may be necessary in the course of my examinations.

I had yesterday seated myself but for a short time, having given previous directions to my couriers to bring before me all offenders which they might discover, when I was waited upon by a well dressed man, who presented me with a petition, praying on the behalf of the Corporation who are the overseers of the poor of this city and county, that they might be allowed all such superfluous cloth and other articles as I might see necessary to discard or confiscate in the course of the exercise of my office, for the benefit of poor children; and suggesting that the city might thereby be saved of much expence which otherwise it would be under the necessity of incurring. As I am always ready to promote any benevolent object, I was perusing this petition with much pleasure, when I was aroused by a noise which I discovered to proceed from a crowd which was entering the door headed by my officer Mr. *Spywell*, who had in his custody a gay looking young man, with whom he was endeavouring to gain the tribunal. I immediately ordered the mob to be kept back at a proper distance, and the offender to be brought up before me, in order that he might be arraigned in due form. Mr. *Spywell*, then stated his offence to consist of wearing pantaloons over the dimensions which I had prescribed, which was that of two feet in the diameter.— Upon this, I cast my eyes down upon them, and having directed a rule to be applied, found them to exceed that

measure. I looked upon this case as happening very fortunately for the application which lay before me, and urged the prisoner therefore to enter upon his defence without delay. He inveighed at first with great warmth against my jurisdiction, but finding his arguments on that point unavailing, and that he was about to be convicted if he stood out without answering, he yielded to my authority, and sheltered himself under the plea of fashion. I considered this as but a poor defence, and told him, therefore, if he had no better to offer, I should proceed to pass judgment against him. By this time, from the great concourse of people which had collected in the hall, it had become so warm that it was uncomfortable to proceed in the investigation without further ventilation than that which was received from the windows of the apartment; for which reason I directed the offender to be conveyed to an adjoining room, and there to be divested of the garment in question and to have one substituted for it of moderate dimensions. This was accordingly executed, and on the pantaloons being returned to me, I ordered the sash of the sky-light to be shoved back, and the vestment to be stretched open at the top by transverse sticks, and hung from it, in such a manner that it formed over us a most agreeable and refreshing wind-sail. I had observed several times during the course of the examination, a young lady among the crowd tittering; and seeing her manifest great pleasure at this last proceeding, I gave orders to have her bonnet taken off, and after being slit in the back part of it, to be stretched over the door of the apartment which led into the street, where it afforded a very agreeable shade for those who were collected beneath, and supplied very completely the place of an awning. Finding all ideas of a further defence to be abandoned, I dismissed the assembly, after having in a lengthy and appropriate speech, animadverted in severe terms upon

this fashion, and also sentenced the prisoner to one week's wearing of stocking-net pantaloons, which, from a certain report which I received from those who were present at his divestiture, I have reason to believe will be to him a greater punishment than any other which I could have inflicted. The hall being now cleared, I directed the vestment which hung over us to be taken down, and being desirous to know the unnecessary quantity of stuff which it contained, as also to see it employed to such benevolent ends as were suggested in the petition before me, I handed it over for this purpose to the bearer of that instrument, who is to return me a pair for my own use

out of it, and assures me moreover, in very thankful terms, that there will be sufficient in the overplus for three pair for children besides.

I shall conclude this piece with a few lines from Cowper, who has hit these absurdities of fashion very well, and who was not only a good writer, but also generally lived up to what he wrote.

We have run
Through every change, that fancy, at the
loom
Exhausted, has had genius to supply;
And studious of mutation still, discard
A real elegance, a little used,
For monstrous novelty and strange disguise.

Decouse's Refectory, 27th June.

There are in this city a set of devourers who, if I may judge from their conduct, have no fixed residences, but resort to certain places for those articles of substantial food, which one would reasonably suppose might be looked for at home. I was called upon this evening at an early hour by my courier Mr. Swiftfoot, who desired me to attend at this place where I might possibly meet with some entertainment, and where he would not fail to see me in the course of the evening. I have always looked upon him as a man having a right judgment of things, for which reason I did not hesitate to comply with his request, and accordingly, came. I was engaged in conversation with an old friend of mine whom I accidentally met here, and who occasionally stops in to read the news and refresh himself with a glass of ale, when I observed two or three young men to enter and go up to the bar, where they called for two steaks, and immediately retired to one of the small apartments or boxes which are placed in a row on each side of the room. I had noticed that Swiftfoot came in immediately after them, and he now

tipping me the wink, I stepped with him to a corner of the room, where he told me that he had tracked them from a hotel in Fulton-street, where they had had turtle soup, to a place of the same description near the Fly-market, at which they had partaken very largely of collops, thence to *Heaton's* a pie shop in Broadway, and from that to this place. I must confess that I looked upon these persons as no better than a species of harpies, and felt somewhat of danger in being in the same room with them. I was engaged in the train of reflections which were naturally raised on this occasion, and thinking upon the very great reason which we should have for apprehending a famine in case any considerable number of these consumers were allowed to go at large in society, when I was startled by a thumping which proceeded from the box where they sat; and upon the bar keepers going up to the place, one of them called out in a very audible voice, for three pints of beer.—I was so shocked at this latter demand, and entertained such serious apprehensions for the safety of these persons, that not caring to witness the

horrors of a convulsion fit, or to be up my cane and came off without called on for aid in such a case, I took further delay.

* * *Letitia's* letter, also that signed *Evander*, have been received and are under consideration.

The case of the Petition of the Maidens is to be considered in the next number.

NOTICE.

No spectacles are to be worn by young beaux, after the 30th inst. without the permission of *Mr. Oldboy*, which is only to be had on good cause shewn.

Mr. Oldboy invites all persons to send in their communications, and to leave them for him at *Goodrich's*, where they will meet with early attention.

MEMORANDA OF Q IN A CORNER

(Continued from page 20.)

The Daily Advertiser, Addison's pomp without his force—convenient on an emergency.

The Columbian, Sancho's ghost, vulgar in its use, more so in its abuse.

The National Advocate, Noah's Ark

Replete with every beast and thing,
That moves a leg, or stirs a wing.

* * The *Idle Man*, and *Literary Companion*, were not in existence when the Memoranda was written.

For the *Literary Companion*.

THE CASTLE RUINS.

BY RODNEY GRENVILLE.

—The fall of the cataract of St. Gerard, now grew more and more distinct. Many intervening years had not banished from Lord Rulef's recollection the sound of this immense waterfall. It was now the dead of night. The heavy gloom which enveloped St. Gerard forest, the superstitious legends which had peopled it with hosts of demons and banditti, cast a gloom over his mind; and his thoughts were naught but dismal forebodings. Five long years had fled since he had left the castle of his parents and his ancestors; "And in that long space," thought he, "what may not have happened?" The rumbling voice of the thunder which, at first, was but just audible, approached near and more near, and at length burst in awful peals over his head. The rain poured down in

heavy torrents. The fall of the cataract, which was but just before him, and the thunder's voice vied with each other to increase the terrors of awakened superstition, which the Egyptian darkness of the night raised in his mind. Guided by the lightning's flashes, Rulef reached the moat, which separated the castle from the forest; he dismounted from his horse—he listened to catch some sound that might assure him that the castle was yet inhabited. The storm had now gradually subsided, and the last flash of the lightning shewed him a human form standing on the eastern turret of the castle. He sounded his bugle, but no answer welcomed his return to a father's home.—The silence was as deep as the night was dark—no sound was heard from the castle but that of the screech-owl as roused

by the noise she winged her flight from its battlements, and rolled some loose fragment of the wall into the deep moat which ran beneath. Unable to account for this death-like silence, he remounted his horse and rode near the margin of the moat in search of the draw-bridge; but he could discover none. His mind was now worked up to agony, as his busy thoughts endeavoured to discover what could have happened to his family, which he had left in peaceful security, when his religion and his sovereign had summoned him to unsheath his unstained sword against the Saracen invaders of the Holy Land; but his attention was arrested by the neighing of a horse from beyond the moat. His gloomy mind was absorbed in astonishment and horror by the shrill echoings of a scream, sounding on the right and the left and on every side. It seemed like the dying scream of some poor wretch expiring in torments. The voice was like that of a woman, yet its loudness almost deafened him. He stood rooted to the spot, and still the sound rung in his ears—It was repeated, but as if grown weaker by excess of torture. His horse started back through fright, and it was with difficulty he could maintain his seat.

Lord Rulef, when he could regain some command over his steed, (who reared, and beat the ground, snorting with terror) unsheathed his heavy sabre, dyed in blood the rowels of his spurs, and his horse sprang with him into the moat.—He soon reached the other side, and with desperate resolution essayed to force the castle gate, but it was fast locked and defied all his efforts. After many endeavours, he succeeded in gaining admittance into the court yard, by heaping up huge fragments of broken wall, which his herculean strength rendered an easy task. * * * *

The room in which he now was, had once been his; here he was wont to sit, and from his window to look over the large expanse of forest that lay before

the castle, and meditate for hours on the scenes of glory into which his manhood was to lead him. Those youthful days had long since past—now he had reached the summit of his juvenile ambition. When he had joined the army of his king, his merit was unknown, and his unripe years procured for him a rank far inferior to his bright expectations. But his courage in the field, his wisdom in the council, his firmness in the hour of difficulty, needed no friends to speak for him. The prowess of his arm, his gallant deeds, were recompensed by his grateful monarch.

Loaded with honors, he had returned to the castle of his ancestors to reap the greatest recompense of his heroic actions, the approbation of his noble parent. But most of all he hoped, that when he should once again behold the lady Adela, he should be remunerated indeed for all his toils. Oft, as he wound his way through the dense forests, had he fondly anticipated that smile of unrestrained joy, that look, in which was seen her very soul, those azure eyes which telling all her love, would welcome his return, those eyes which were always wont to sparkle with redoubled brightness when she heard lord Rulef's praise. But what a fall from the pinnacle of anticipated felicity!—These fond expectations which had been his solace in the hour of danger and difficulty, which had upheld him in all the vicissitudes of fortune, were humbled in the dust. The mystery and desolation which reigned around him; the despondency and horror of his feelings, caused him to exclaim, "My father! mother! oh! all my friends, where are ye now?" "In the cold bosom of the grave!" answered a hollow moaning voice from beneath his feet, as from the centre of the earth. "My God!" exclaimed lord Rulef, "what means this?" "It means your fatal doom! It means your death is fixed; your time is near at hand! Prepare!" replied the same voice.

(*To be continued.*)

The following is an extract from a work just published.

Vanity.—Thou art fair as the snow-drop of the spring, the rose of June blows on thy damask cheek, thine eye outsparkles the blue lustre of the sapphire, thou art stately as the tall fir-tree, and thy presence is commanding as majesty itself.

The east and the west pour forth their treasures to deck thee; the sea and land give up the pearl and the precious stone; thy array is the finest silk; the diamond is a star on thy bosom, and the ruby and the emerald are interwoven with the hair on thy temples.

SPRING IN ENGLAND.

[From the Literary Gazette, April 21. 1821.]

BY ISMAEL FITZADAMS, AUTHOR OF THE "HARP IN THE DESERT," &c.

To Miss — who promised to bring me a Snow-drop. Written during sickness.

Thou saidst thy hand would gently shed
 Spring's first-born child, the snow-drop dear,
 From shelterless and lonely bed,
 And bring the herald-blossom here—
 I would have kiss'd the lucid thing,
 Redeem'd from winter's icy wing,
 And call'd thee Love's soft queen protecting timid Spring.

Yet March hath own'd a better day,
 And nymphs begin to braid the bower:
 Yet longing weeks have lagg'd away,
 Nor hast thou come, nor other flower—
 And is it, Mary, sadly true,
 That women's words are but as dew,
 Descending all as soft, as soon exhaling too?

Time was, and memory weeps that time,
 With other step when wont to move,
 I met young Spring on mountain clime,
 Or roam'd the rocks in quest of love.
 Then sang my wild harp welcome wild,
 Health's sun rose bright, and beauty smil'd,
 I was a weak, indeed, but happy, happy child.

That sun hath fled my riper day,
 Or feebly gleams, eclips'd and dim;
 And who will sooth the sick man's way?
 Nor Spring revives, nor flower, for him,
 Nor beauty lights his lonely bower;
 He weeps away his vernal hour,
 Nightly and lone he weeps, like that rath snow-drop flower.

On earth the wretch can lose no more,
 O blessed health! who loseth thee:
 A nuisance cast on life's lee shore,
 Like shattered bark, unworthy sea—
 The war-ship's streamers flaunt on high,
 The merry pinnace dances by,
 Unheeding all of him, there laid alone to die.

Even she, whose sweetly-artless wile
 Might wake a dawn round dark decree,
 Withdraws the Spring that waits her smile,
 Nor deigns to cull a flower for me;
 From sickness, beauty turns her ray,
 And love as lightly wings away,
 No solace left me now but harping simple lay.

THE ORIGIN OF BARBERS' POLES.

By a fellow of the Eccentric Society of New-York, established in the year of our Lord, 1821.

My dear friend Howard,

Passing the other evening by a barber's shop, I was much entertained with the eccentricity of the fellow's wit, in seeing placed over the door—"The World's End."

What may be intended by the words "The World's End," I was at a loss to determine. Should it have been his purpose to intimate that his shop was the *ultimatum* of Fashion, and taste, in hair cutting, and shaving, I was of opinion that *Ne plus ultra* would have been a more appropriate motto. Pondering these things in my mind, I inadvertently ran foul of a post, which a neighbour who followed the same profession had placed before *his* door for the like purpose of enticing custom. As much as to say, (it being destitute of any allurements except being streaked white and red,) "Ecce Signum!"—and being well convinced that it was the most proper, from its efficacy of convincing me, as I had found it a knock down argument. I was determined if possible to find out why that in preference to any other sign should be placed before a barber's shop. It was a pole about 20 feet long and striped in a serpentine manner with white and red paint. Wherefore thus fashioned puzzled me; and as the ideas raised were new by the contemplation of it, I was instinctively ascending the steps of my lodgings, before I could recover myself. Having a leisure hour I looked over my encyclopedia for the word *Barber's Pole*. But to my disappointment I could not satisfy myself as to the meaning of the serpentine stripes: receiving no other information than that a barber was a man who formerly, and even to this day, I believe, in villages

did all the *necessaire* to a gentleman's toilette, and combined in himself like a Caleb Quotem, the factotum. He not only shaved and cut hair, but drew teeth, bled, cupped, and did many other indispensable requisites for the male portion of community. His windows were adorned with wigs, cups, lined with red flannel, and festoons of rotten teeth, and decayed stumps—trophies of the many draffs and *finished drawings* he had made from the *polls* of his numerous customers.

But relative to his pole I could receive no information; and as I had determined to be convinced in my own mind that it must have taken its rise from some cause, I came to the conclusion—that, as formerly (though now placed in the window) a block similar to those upon which wigs are made, was affixed to the top of this pole to show that such requisites were fashioned at his shop; and as the word *poll* nearly resembles the word *pole*, it may have been vulgarised and handed down to us in this mutilated state. Nor can I reconcile the idea to myself other than *that* which is now termed a *barber's pole* or *poll*, was formerly no other than a mast surmounted by a human head—*decollé*!; and the red paint in wavy lines round its sides, (which goes to confirm my opinion) was the blood oozing from this lacerated member; and the only reason that the barber's pole is not now as formerly surmounted by a *block head*, is, that they have become so prevalent, that it is useless to expose them naked, since wigs have become in disrepute, and people are now content to wear their own: although bare skulls, or polls, I am inclined to think will never cease to be in vogue.

LOUNGER.

 WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

While through the broken pane the tempest sighs,
 And my step falters on the faithless floor,
 Shades of departed joys around me rise,
 With many a face that smiles on me no more;
 With many a voice that thrills of transport gave,
 Now silent as the grass that tufts their grave!

BRIT. POETS.

AERIAL VOYAGES.

The following connected account, and the only one we have seen, of Mr. Guille's Aeronautical Ascensions throughout the United States, is extracted from the last (May) number of the MASONIC REGISTER.

"The tales of antiquity, the poetical productions, the religious tenets, and even the histories, of most nations, shew that to acquire the art of flying, or of imitating the birds, has been the earnest desire, and has exercised the genius of mankind in every age. The winged horses of the sun, Juno's peacocks, Medea's dragons, the flying oracles, and innumerable others, are instances of this observation; but authentic history furnishes very scanty materials concerning any real success having ever attended the attempts of this sort. The flight of Abaris round the earth, as related by Diodorus of Sicily; the oracle of the famous temple of Hierapolis, which raised himself into the air; the fate of Icarus; and many other ancient stories of the like sort, being, according to the judgment of intelligent persons, either entirely fabulous, or only alluding to something quite different from real flying, do not deserve any particular narration or confutation." [*Cavallo on Aerostation.*] For the inventive genius of the French nation, it was reserved to effect that, which for centuries had baffled the attempts of the world. At the close of the American war, the Montgolfiers, after a number of experiments, succeeded in raising a balloon, in which Pilatre de Rosier made the first ascension that ever occurred. Emboldened by the enterprise, aerial voyages became frequent, but the daring aeronaut who first

"Marshall'd them the way," was by the conflagration of a balloon precipitated to the earth, and dashed to pieces. A short time prior to his death, he had ascended at Lyons in a balloon which contained seven persons. Among the number were several of the nobility, and Mr. Claudius G. Fontaine, at the present time a re-

spectable merchant in New-York.—His participation in the enterprise, is thus particularly noticed by the author we have already mentioned.—"A very remarkable instance of enthusiasm, rather than courage, happened at this instant. The machine was not raised above a foot or two from the ground, when a seventh person, one Mr. Fontaine, jumped into the gallery, which occasioned a sudden depression of the machine; but by increasing the fire in the grate, the whole ascended majestically, and with moderate rapidity."

Hitherto, balloons had been filled with *rarefied* air, produced by the combustion of wool and chopped straw. The *savans* of Paris, however, soon introduced a new mode of inflation, by *inflammable* air, (or hydrogen gas) made from the mixture of iron filings with diluted vitriolic acid. By this method, the expense is very materially increased, but as it is attended with far less danger, it is now almost universally adopted.

The rage for aerial excursions continued in Europe for many years, in which time several hundred ascensions took place, and with the exception of the instance alluded to, without any disastrous consequences. In the early part of the French Revolution, this, with many other results of science, was with the characteristic ingenuity of the nation, rendered subservient to the cause of the republic; and Guyton Morveau, in a balloon, indicated by signals, and with successful effect, the movements of the hostile forces on the plains of Fleurus.

In the United States, the first aerostatic enterprise ever undertaken, was by Blanchard, a celebrated aeronaut from France. His ascension was made at Philadelphia, during the administration of President Washington, who

honoured him with a certificate to that effect. Attempts were afterwards frequently made in some of the cities in this country, but in no instance were they attended with success.

It was the widow of the aeronaut just mentioned, who met with so tragical a fate at Paris, in the year 1819. The life of this intrepid female, affords another instance of that innate resolution of the sex; which, though not frequently developed, is, as in the cases of Joan of Arc, and Margaret of Anjou, rarely found to be wanting, when demanded by the exigencies to which they are at times liable.

Madame Blanchard had made more than fifty ascensions. In the last, she ascended in the evening, from one of the public gardens; and as if the balloon itself was not already sufficiently hazardous, numerous fire-works were attached to the car. On reaching a suitable elevation, the train was fired. For a little time, the whole afforded a magnificent and brilliant spectacle; but the sparks at length reaching the balloon, it caught fire, and dreadful to relate, the unfortunate lady was precipitated to the earth!

In the mean time a descent by the parachute had been introduced. Many experiments had already been made by former aeronauts, with different animals, which had reached the ground in safety; when Mr. Garnerin at length had the resolution to trust himself to the same conveyance, and met with like success. He afterwards went over to London, where (in 1802) he repeated the experiment; but the extraordinary hazard to which he was exposed during the descent, and the severe shock that he received on coming to the earth, prevented a further recurrence to this novel and terrific mode.

In the summer of the year 1819, Mr. Charles Guille, arrived in New-York, with a balloon and parachute, from Bordeaux. He had made many ascensions in France, and had been entrusted by the emperor Napoleon with the arrangement of an aerostatic

enterprise that was to have been undertaken for the purpose of throwing down rockets on the magazines and store houses of the English at Anvers, but which was abandoned in consequence of the entrance of the allied armies into France.

His balloon, when inflated, was of an oval form, and its height, or length, about forty feet. The parachute, expanded, resembled a large umbrella, whose diameter or chord was nearly sixty feet.

FIRST ASCENSION.

The necessary preparations being completed, Mr. Guille gave notice that the ascension would take place at the Vauxhall garden, on the 2d of August, 1819. The concourse of people on the occasion was immense. Few, indeed, entered the enclosure, but in the surrounding places, multitudes were

"Clambering the walls to eye him; stalls, bulks, windows,

"Smother'd up, leads filled, and ridges horsed

"With variable complexions, all agreeing
"In earnestness to see him."

About six o'clock in the afternoon, the balloon being sufficiently filled, Mr. Guille entered the car, and the ropes being cast loose, he mounted rapidly into the air: at the same moment there was a tremendous gust of wind, which carried the balloon into a row of tall poplar trees that were in the garden, but it fortunately forced its way through the branches without receiving any material injury. In about six minutes he had attained a height of more than two thousand yards, and was then nearly over the village of Williamsburgh, on Long-Island.

The sublimity of the scene transcended description; and the "Enchanted horse" of the Arabian Tales, the most improbable supposition of a lively imagination, was now more than realized in the grandeur and boldness of this unparalleled enterprise. On the earth a tornado whirled columns of dust high into the air, while in the

upper regions was suspended a human being, on whom was concentrated the eyes of an hundred thousand people. At this interesting crisis he was rapidly approximating a dark and terrific cloud, when he severed the cord which attached him to the balloon. Instantaneously the parachute, "the mistress of his destiny," and the car were precipitated, with accelerated velocity, towards the earth! A murmuring ejaculation of horror continued till it had opened. It had remained closed for about three seconds, in which time it descended more than an hundred yards; and its expansion was hardly observed with more satisfaction by him whose life hung on the event, than by the multitudes who witnessed it.

The balloon, on being released from its appendages, immediately rose above the clouds and shortly disappeared; while the parachute, with its oscillating car, slowly descended towards the interior of Long-Island, until it was hid from the anxious view of the spectators, by the forests in the extreme verge of the horizon.

It was afterwards ascertained that the daring aeronaut had safely reached the earth, about half an hour after leaving Vauxhall, in an open field, on the farm of Mr. Jacob Suydam, near the cross-roads at New Bushwick, six miles from the place of his ascension. He returned to New-York the same evening, and agreeably to appointment, visited the circus, where he was received with great applause. The balloon was found early the next morning, floating in the water at Oyster Bay South, on Long-Island, about thirty miles from the city, and was brought back on the following day. Some difficulty afterwards took place between Mr. Guille and the two other proprietors who came with him from France, which terminated in their carrying off the balloon to Philadelphia, where it eventually was destroyed by an infuriated mob.

Having procured the necessary materials, Mr. Guille was, by his own in-

genuity and professional experience, soon enabled to complete a new and elegant balloon. It was of a globular form, and through the gratuitous services of those distinguished artists, Mr. Jarvis, and Mr. Child, it was ornamented with appropriate decorations and inscriptions. The intended ascension however, was delayed a considerable period in consequence of the malignant fever which at that time prevailed. But on the disappearance of the epidemic, the requisite preparations were made, and the day on which he was to ascend, publicly announced. After repeated trials on the 20th and 21st October; it was found that from some cause or other, the balloon was not sufficiently inflated to raise the aeronaut from the ground; when the mayor, on the latter day, in order to divert the attention of the crowd, directed it to be sent off without him.

It rose rapidly into the air, and in about fifteen minutes disappeared. The gas having gradually escaped, it fell to the earth the same evening, at Bozrah, in Connecticut; having travelled a distance of nearly 160 miles, in a little more than two hours. Having recovered his balloon, Mr. Guille immediately determined on making another attempt, in order to retrieve his reputation from the reflections which his recent failure had incurred,

SECOND ASCENSION.

A beautiful spot was selected near the school house, at Powles Hook, on the western shore of the Hudson, and early in the morning of the 20th November, 1819, he crossed the river, and commenced inflating the balloon. The steam-boats were crowded with passengers during the whole afternoon, and by 12 o'clock several thousand persons were on the ground. At that hour Mr. Guille entered the car, which had been constructed by himself, and is now deposited in the American Museum. The day was remarkably fine, and the balloon rose majestically in the air, inclining in its course a lit-

tle to the northward. In about three minutes it had attained a height of twelve hundred feet, when he severed the cord. He fell with great rapidity nearly three-fourths of the distance, and was within four hundred feet of the earth before the parachute expanded. His descent was then gradual, and he reached the ground in safety, on the border of the adjacent meadows, something less than a quarter of a mile from the place of departure. A number of persons who had already arrived on the spot, replaced the aeronaut in his car, and bore him along on their shoulders, amid the loud and continued acclamations of the spectators, to the enclosure from which he had a few minutes before ascended. It was then discovered that Mr. Guille, owing to his crowded situation in the car, had, in cutting the cord, given himself a considerable wound in the thigh; which afterwards confined him

for some time to his chamber. The balloon on its separation from the parachute ascended into a different current of air, and passed over the city; but becoming inverted by the weight purposely attached to its top, the gas escaped and it fell to the earth in the course of the afternoon, a few miles from Jamaica, on Long-Island.

In December Mr. Guille sailed for Charleston, but not deeming it advisable to undertake an ascension, unless at least a portion of the expence was secured, he, after an ineffectual attempt to obtain subscriptions, left the place and sailed for Baltimore. In that city he did not receive much greater encouragement, yet he proceeded so far as to inflate the balloon, but as it became torn by the violence of the wind, and the number of spectators who had contributed to the exhibition being small, he felt himself justified in relinquishing the attempt.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A WISH.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ. AUTHOR OF THE "PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall sooth my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns my mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

The fourth of July.—On Wednesday next, we celebrate the forty-fifth anniversary of our independence. On this day, every man should add a renewed warmth to his patriotism, by joining in the general rejoicing. The bard of our land should tell the deed that was done this day; and the old man, calling his children about him, should 'fight his battles over again.'

Preparations are going forward, to celebrate this anniversary with unusual spirit. We think too much ardour can-

not be displayed on this, and every similar occasion. In these prosperous times, without a foreign foe, with every thing at home to add to our enjoyment, we are in danger of forgetting the troublesome scenes through which our fathers passed. Certain days, therefore, set apart throughout the year to celebrate some revolutionary triumph, recall not only the memory of those who were engaged in the contest, but impart a zeal and an ambition to their sons to follow their useful and honorable example.

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